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The Fate of a Prussian Spy.

In an inn at Strasbourg, says a French paper, some Algerines, officers, sub-officers, and French soldiers, were engaged in eating a comfortable dinner, the first for eight days.

A stranger entered and asked permission to join them at the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "although I do not have the honor of being known to you, I am not a stranger to the grand family of the army. Capt. Brunet, of the Twenty-first line, is my best friend—almost my brother."

On account of Capt. Brunet, although no one present knew him, the stranger was allowed to take a seat. He had already eaten the *cotelette* and the *ragout*, and had commenced to chat with his companions, when his evil destiny brought into the room an officer of the Twenty-first.

"Ah!" said one to the stranger, "here is some one who will give you news of your friend."

"Lieutenant, we present to you an intimate friend of Capt. Brunet."

"What Brunet?"

"Of the Twenty-first."

"We have never had a Capt. Brunet during the ten years I have been in it."

The intruder was visibly embarrassed. He stammered, and in his confusion, betrayed a foreign accent.

Some Turks took the lieutenant aside, and said:

"Are you sure Capt. Brunet is unknown in the Twenty-first?"

"I give you my word of honor! They were going to make short work of the spy, but his next neighbor, an officer of the *tirailleurs* arrested them with a gesture, and said:

"This gentleman is under my care. Dine at your ease, sir. Permit me to pass the cheese. Take some of those mirabelles."

The dinner was ended in silence. They went out. The officer took the arm of the spy, passed into the street, drew his revolver, and gravely, and without a word of remark, blew out his brains.

A letter from a prominent military man in Paris says that no published account has yet revealed the extent of the frauds by the contractors for the French army. Large quantities of cartridges were filled with sand, and bullets were cast hollow, cannon shot were thin shells filled with sand, and some of them were wood. Many horses that had been turned over to the cavalry regiments were found unserviceable, and this is one reason why the French cavalry accomplished so little during the campaign. The letter closes by saying the frauds on the United States army in the late war were enormous, but they were comparatively slight by the side of the frauds on the French.

In Wyoming Territory the gender sex takes quite an active part in politics, and Mrs. and Miss prefixed to a candidate is not unusual. The following advertisement appears in the Wyoming Tribune: "Attention Ladies!—A meeting of women will be held at 8 o'clock this evening at the house of Mrs. W. Pease, for the purpose of selecting candidates for county officers at the ensuing election. By order of the committee." Mrs. S. H. Pickett was nominated for the County Clerkship. Mrs. M. H. Arnold for Superintendent of Public Schools. Mrs. M. E. Post is a member of the Republican committee.

In Detroit a few days ago, the keeper of a stall in the market, finding the rain falling on the roof dripped through on his produce, climbed upon the top of the stall with a view to regulate matters. He found six pocket books lying there in the rain, each containing more or less money. It is supposed they were thrown there some time ago by a pickpocket at the moment of his arrest in the market.

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

Proprietor.

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1870.

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Looking under the Bed.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better-half invariably rejoins:

"La Evergreen! what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there, and then I don't think of such horrible things after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigations further and look in the bureau drawers and the clothes basket."

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do so. Come to think of it, a man could very easily get into the clothes basket."

"Certainly he could, my dear quite easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and by-the-by there's the chimney: why not look up that as well?"

"Now Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and, no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace.

If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is slightly superstitious, and that what I have to say must under no circumstances be imparted to the lady. If for twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public will keep mine.

I was not bad looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidently say that 'Gus Evergreen' was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them for the asking. As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville for 'a day or two,' as he said, when he came; but he made a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about among the 'young ladies.' When that time had expired Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred tried to put it on the 'country air and the quiet which was benefitting his health, etc.' but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up, frankly, and I promised to help him all I could; if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit.

She had a larger share of beauty than the other girls, but all their attention came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Evans, and I warned him accordingly; but Fred said that 'with-out her, life was naught to

him.' Things went on in this way without any definite result until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel rather than wear out his welcome at our house; and finding remonstrance unavailing, there he went. The landlord gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best room, 'No. 20'—I am particular in mentioning the number. He shall have No. 20,' said Downbury. 'Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best room I have to give as long as I'm landlord.'

Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would cheerfully have offered her guests accommodation at our house, but we were in a similar predicament. An agricultural fair had brought many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterwards became apparent, that 'to oblige some lady guests for the night only,' as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up 'No. 20' and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke upon him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat so soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquical faculty by giving a long-drawn mew, when from my hiding place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not as I should have done, make myself known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dare not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she knelt down beside the bed, and clasping her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear,) she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went to my heart; but one portion of it went through it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feelings of surprise and my deep emotions when I heard her utter these words: 'Bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless all around me, and O God! bless him I love, Augustus Evans, and shower down thy mercies over him. Amen.'

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snow-flake, proceeded to turn off the gas and get into the bed. What thoughts rushed through my brain! Above me lay a young and unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in

him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven!

Belle laid perfectly motionless for several minutes and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself, 'There—I haven't looked under the bed! A horror ran through me; all is lost; what should I do?' Belle rose and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas-light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and try to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then and 'Oh dear, there are no more!' escaped her lips. 'Safe! safe!' whispered my soul to me. Belle groped back to the bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in the bed again and I counted her respiration till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself sleep was utterly out of the question; I never was so wide-awake in all my life. How I lay on that hard carpet and thought the night out! I thought of her, and her love for me; thought of myself, and my love for her.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow! You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too—why it's all over feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why, I slept out last night; that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress."

"I should say so decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch-house; come now, own up, and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you. Well, if not a lark what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a goose."

"You're the goose, Fred. But, seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up your mind to hear something excessively disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that—anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There's no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville and I did not see him again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on

bringing him home with me and presenting to him his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Fred!" said he, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Fred, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, of course, as I tell you, reader) all about the bed room affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

Temple of the Muses.

Let us Make the Best of It.

Life is but a fleeting dream;
Care destroys the best of it;
Swift it glides like a stream—
Mind you make the best of it!
Talk not of your weary woes,
Troubles, or the rest of it;
If we have but brief repose,
Let us make the best of it.

If your friend has got a heart,
There is something in him,
Cut away his darker part,
Cling to what's divine in him.
Friendship is our best relief—
Make noblesse just of it;
Money's not the best of it;
If we make the best of it.

Happiness despises state,
No sage experiment,
Simply that the wise and great
May have joy and merriment;
Rank is not its spell refined—
Money's not the best of it;
But a calm contented mind
That will make the best of it.

Trusting in the power above,
Which sustains all of us,
In the common bond of love,
Brideth great and small of us;
Whatsoever may befall—
Sorrow, or the rest of it—
We shall overcome them all,
If we make the best of it.

An Old Account.

A rough looking specimen of tramping humanity was cruising through Chatham street in New York the other day, when he came plumply upon a hook nosed Jew, a specimen of his race about which there could be no mistake. Without a word of warning the rough knocked him sprawling into the gutter. Picking himself up, and taking his claret faucet between his thumb and finger he demanded an explanation.

"Shut up, or I'll baste you again," said the aggressor approaching him.

"I never done no tings mit you, unt what for you mash me in ter nose?" asked Abraham.

"Yes, yer have, yer Jews crucified Jesus Christ, and I've a mind to go for you again."

"Put, mine Cot, dat was eighteen hundred years ago," said the poor Jew.

"Wal, I dont care if it was, I only heard it last night," replied the unwashed, again going to his victim who wisely went a trifle faster in the same direction.

Here is a little story that came floating all the way from Alsace: "Many peasants killed their horses to prevent the Prussians from taking them."

Now if the people of Alsace are so German in their sympathies and so anxious for the reign of the House of Hohenzollern, why do they make a sacrifice that a peasant would make only under the pressure of strong feeling. When a nation meets its deliverer it does not welcome him by sacrificing its property to do him injury.

SINGULAR.—That a Government like that of Prussia can pick up its whole able-bodied male population, and carry it off to war in another country, and yet fail to get a war loan at home. Capital cares for itself—the people are nothing.

"And you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No, Mr. Pence." "Ah, you have done better than I thought."

There is a Servian Prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long that a company of engineers have been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon bridge.

The next amendment is to be called the "sweet sixteenth."

My Wife's Bridal Tour.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

When I was married to my second wife she was dreadfully set about going off on a bridal tour. I told her she'd better wait six months or a year, and I'd try and go with her, but she said she'd rather go alone—when a woman was traveling a man was an out and out humbug.

So I gave her seventy-five cents and told her to go off and have a good time. I never begrudge money where my wife's happiness is concerned. My first wife could never complain of not going anywhere, for I'm dreadful fierce to go off on a good time myself, and always was. I don't pretend to say how many times I took her out to see the engines squirt, and there was no end to the free lectures I let her go to. The neighbors used to say, "It does beat all how the Skinners do go!"

When Signor Blitz was in Shunkville, with his wonderful canaries, he gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but I gave her half the money. I don't boast of it, though I only mention it to show how I thought of my wife's happiness.

I don't think any man ought to get married until he can consider his wife's happiness only second to his own. John Wise, a neighbor of mine, did thusly, and when I got married I concluded to do it like Wise.

But the plan did not work in the case of my second wife. No I should say not.

I broached the question kindly. "Matilda," I said, "I suppose you are aware that I am now your lord and master."

"Not much you ain't," said she. "Mrs. Skinner," I replied, "you are fearfully demoralized. You need reorganizing at once. You are cranky." And I brandished my new sixty-two cent umbrella wildly around her.

She took the umbrella away from me, and locked me up in the clothes press.

I am quick to draw an inference, and the inference that I drew here was that I was not a success as a reorganizer of female women.

After this I changed my tactics. I let her have her own way, and the plan worked to a charm from the very first. It's the best way of managing a wife that I know of. Of course this is between you and me.

So when my wife said she was bound to go off on a bridal tour anyhow, I cordially assented. "Go, Matilda," said I, "and stay as long as you want to; then if you feel as though you would like to stay a little longer; stay, my dear, stay."

She told me to stop talking, and go up stairs and get her red flannel nightcap and that bag of pennyrags for her aunt Abigail.

My wife is a very smart woman. She was a Baxter, and the Baxters are a very smart family indeed. Her mother, who is going on eighty, can fry more slap-jacks now than half these primed up city girls, who rattle on the piano or else walk the streets with their furbelows and fixings, pretending to get mad if a chap looks at 'em pretty hard, but getting mad in earnest if you don't take any notice of them at all.

Ah! girls ain't what they used to be when I was young, and the fellows are worse still. When I went courting, for instance, I never thought of staying till after 10 o'clock, and went twice a week. Now they go seven nights in the week, and cry because there ain't eight. Then they write touching notes to each other during the day: "Dear George, do you love me as much now as you did at a quarter past 12 last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me courage to go down and tackle them cold beans left over from yesterday."

Well, well, I suppose they enjoy themselves, and it ain't for us old folks, whose hearts have got a little calloused by long wear, to interfere. Let them get together and court if they like, and

I think they do. I was forty-seven when I courted my present wife, but it seemed just as nice to sit on a little cricket at her feet and let her smooth my hair as it did thirty years ago.

As I said before, my wife is a very smart woman, but she could not be anything else and be a Baxter. She used to give lectures on woman's rights, and in one place where she lectured, a big college conferred the title of L. L. D., upon her. But she wouldn't take it. "No, gentlemen," said she, "give it to the poor." She was always just so charitable. She gave my boys permission to go bare-footed all winter and insisted upon it so much in her kind way that they couldn't refuse.

She fairly doted on my children and I've seen her many a time go to their trowser pockets and take out their pennies after they'd got to sleep, and put them in her bureau drawer for fear they might lose them.

I started to tell you about my wife's bridal tour, but the fact is I never could find out much about it myself. I believe she had a good time.

In conclusion, I would say to all young men: Marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even (as A. Ward says) if you have to borrow money to do it.

A Brooklyn gentleman, just returned from a Southern tour, had occasion to stop a day or two at the leading hotel of Vicksburg, Miss. At dinner the gentleman was greatly surprised and somewhat amused by the original method of introducing the bill of fare. The landlord, a good natured fellow of the Jack Fallstaff order of humanity, would walk up and down the dining room a la Napoleon, his hands behind him, shouting "roast beef," "biled mutton," "pork and beans," "biled fowls," "oyster fritters," &c. "Why in the world, my dear sir," said our friend to the landlord, "don't you print your bill of fare, so that we can see what you have on hand?" "Hush! my good sir, don't suggest the idea," said Boniface. "You see we're very often honored with some of the Legislative body at our table, and scarce a d—d one of 'em mongre and niggers can read a line, so I adopt this method to spare their feelings!" Our readers can now recognize the intellectual calibre of the carpet-bag legislator.

We are Marston, of North Hampton, New Hampshire, lived and died a red-hot Democrat. His will provided that his executor should select six true Democrats to carry him to the grave, who should be paid from his estate \$6 each, and no funeral services should be held over his remains unless some minister of the Gospel could be found to conduct such services who had never preached political or war sermons.

Two San Francisco barbers engaged to fight a duel, agreed to part and walk around a block, and when they got in sight of each other, to blaze away. When they turned the corner out of sight both started on a run in different directions, and one has sent from Alaska for his winter clothes, and the other has written to his wife from the city of Mexico.

A woman is reported to have recently died in England from the effects of a poison administered to her by a fly, which, after having been upon some of the patent fly paper, alighted upon her nose, upon a spot where there had been a slight scratch, leaving an open wound.

A Springfield, Ill., exchange tells the story of a forlorn local preacher in that district whose aggregate income from all sources last year only footed up one curry-comb, a keg of varnish, and two dozen clothes-pins.

A young lady of Richmond was so determined on suicide that she bit off the tube of the stomach-pump and swallowed it when the doctor attempted to relieve her of the laudanum she had taken.

[From the Alexandria (Virginia) Gazette.]
Novel Case—A Virginia Solomon on the Bench.

A case involving the ownership of two ducks came before Justice Beach yesterday. Charlotte Williams complained that Mrs. Swansbury had seized and held possession of two ducks belonging to her. The Justice informs us that he immediately issued a warrant for the "unlawful detainer" of the ducks, and assigned yesterday afternoon for the trial of the case. Each party appeared with numerous witnesses. The plaintiff's witnesses proved that Charlotte Williams had some ducks, but as there was no means of identifying them at the Magistrate's office, an officer was dispatched with two witnesses to the residence of Mrs. Swansbury to identify the ducks.

Some dozen of ducks were looked over, and two of them identified by witnesses as the property of Charlotte Williams. They returned to the office and made report. The defendant's witnesses then swore that Mrs. Swansbury had some ducks, and some of them added on oath that they believed the two ducks in controversy belonged to Mrs. Swansbury. The testimony was even, and for awhile the scales of justice hung undecided. The Justice, however, remarked the precedent of Solomon, followed in a noted case by Sir Thomas Moore, and determined to avail himself of these venerable precedents in the solution of his case. Ascertaining that Charlotte Williams resided not far distant from Mrs. Swansbury, he adjourned the trial to that neighborhood, and proceeded thither, accompanied by the crowd which had gathered at the Magistrate's office during the trial, and which by the time the new arena of justice was reached, had swelled to over a hundred persons.

Arriving at the spot the justice caused the witnesses for the plaintiff again to identify the ducks. Then he directed the gates of Mrs. S's yard to be thrown open, and the whole flock of ducks to be turned into the street. Out they came, quacking and cackling, and surrounded by half the noises of pandemonium. No sooner was the open street gained than the two ducks, whose testimony on the subject of their ownership it was the object of the justice to obtain in this novel fashion, made tracks at once for the house of Charlotte Williams, while the rest of the flock remained near the gate, where they had come, except one old drake, which started for the residence of a colored man in the neighborhood, and was claimed by him. The Justice decided that upon the testimony of the two ducks he must give judgment for the plaintiff; and he accordingly did so.

A STORY OF A NOSE.—The following remarkable anecdote is going the rounds of the western press: "There resides in St. Joseph a certain deacon whose nasal organ is of unusually large dimensions and bold curve. A few days ago said deacon fell and pretty considerably damaged the cutaneous connection of the prominent feature mentioned. Passing into a drug store, he applied some plaster to the wound. On the following Sunday, while engaged in the laudable occupation of passing round the hat for stamps, the plaster fell off. The balance of the story is told in the following words taken from the St. Joseph Gazette of the 28th inst: "While an unfortunate sinner was feeling for a donation, the deacon made a hasty dive for a small white object on the carpet in the aisle, which he imagined was the desired plaster and speedily placed it on the end of his nasal organ. He had scarcely done so, however, when, to his astonishment, several young ladies seated in the pew before him crowded their handkerchiefs into their mouths to restrain their laughter. He only discovered the reason of this unexpected action on their part when he removed the plaster which he found, upon examination, to be the label from a cotton pool, from which stood prominently forth the magical words, 'Wanted to hold out two hundred yards.' The nose is not quite this length."

A smart girl in Minnesota popped the question to her lover, asked the consent of his parents, procured a marriage license, ordered the wedding breakfast, the carriage to convey them to the depot, and had a private conversation with the parson, all on the same day.

A Philadelphia woman earns her honest livelihood by fainting in front of large stores and hotels, into which she is carried, a purse is made up for her, and she is sent home in a hack.

When a married man becomes "corned," it is a woman's right to pull his ears.